Fie womaniſh man, canſt thou not curſe thy enemies?
Suffolke. A plague vpon them, wherefore ſhould *I* curſe them?
Could curſes kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,
I would inuent as many bitter termes
Deliuered ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With twiſe ſo many ſignes of deadly hate,
As leaue faſt enuy in her loathſome caue,
My toong ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one diſtraught,
And euery ioynt ſhould ſeeme to curſe and ban,
And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,
Should *I* not curſe them. Poiſon be their drinke,
Gall worſe then gall, the daintieſt thing they taſte.
Their ſweeteſt ſhade a groue of ſypris trees.
Their ſofteſt tuch as ſmart as lyzards ſtings.
Their muſicke frightfull, like the ſerpents hys.
And boding ſcrike-oules make the conſort full.
All the foule terrors in darke ſeated hell. (ſelfe.
Queene. Inough ſweete *Suffolke*, thou torments thy
Suffolke. You bad me ban, and will you bid me ſeaſe?
Now by this ground that I am baniſht from,
Well could I curſe away a winters night,
And ſtanding naked on a mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let graſſe grow,
And thinke it but a minute ſpent in ſport.
Queene. No more. Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to *France*,
Or liue where thou wilt vvithin this vvorldes globe,
Ile haue an Iriſh that ſhall finde thee out,
And long thou ſhalt not ſtaie, but ile haue thee repelde,
Or venture to be baniſhed my ſelfe.
Oh let this kiſſe be printed in thy hand,
That when thou ſeeſt it, thou maiſt thinke on me.
Avvay, I ſay, that I may feele my griefe,
For it is nothing vvhilſt thou ſtandeſt here.
Suffolke. Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King, but three times thriſe by thee.
Ente *Vawſe.*

Queene.

Queene. Hovv novv, vvhither goes Vavvſe ſo faſt?
Vawſe. To ſignifie vnto his Maieſtie,
That Cardinall Bevvford is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he vvere madde,
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghoſt,
And vvhiſpers to his pillovv as to him,
And ſometime he calles to ſpeake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,
That euen novv he cald aloude for him.
Queene. Go then good Vavvſe and certifie the King.
Exet Vawſe.
Oh vvhat is vvorldly pompe, all men muſt die,
And vvoe am I for Bevvfords heauie ende,
But vvhy mourne I for him, vvhilſt thou art here?
Svveete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou ſure muſt die.
Suff. And if I go I cannot liue: but here to die,
What vvere it elſe, but like a pleaſant ſlumber
In thy lap?
Here could I, could I, breath my ſoule into the aire,
As milde and gentle as the nevv borne babe,
That dies vvith mothers dugge betvveene his lips,
Where from thy ſight I ſhould be raging madde,
And call for thee to cloſe mine eyes,
Or vvith thy lips to ſtop my dying ſoule,
That *I* might breathe it ſo into thy bodie,
And then it liu'd in ſvveete Elyziam,
By thee to die, vvere but to die in ieaſt,
From thee to die, vvere torment more then death,
O let me ſtaie, befall, vvhat may befall.
Queen. Oh mightſt thou ſtaie vvith ſafetie of thy life,
Then ſhouldſt thou ſtaie, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.
Suff. *I* goe.
Queene. And take my heart vvith thee.
She kiſſeth him.
Suff. A ievvell lockt into the vvofulſt caske,
That euer yet containde a thing of vvoorth,